



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

The greatest variety is shown in the landscapes. There are, as has already been said, several in which impressionist influence is evident. The academic French landscape is present, and that of the old-time American school, and three or four painters have evolved styles of their own in which it is difficult to trace any acknowledged influence. Among these last is Mr. Homer Martin, whose "Sands near Villerville" has a peculiar effect of iridescent color, observable at times in nature, but not, so far as we know, in any other artist's work. Mr. George H. Bogert's "August Twilight" is likewise chiefly remarkable for its scheme of deep greens and purples; but Mr. William A. Coffin's "Evening Shadows" for its choice of subject, a smoothly rolling, highly cultivated country, demanding, and in this instance receiving a peculiar technical treatment, the brush work being almost as smooth and flowing as if the artist were painting a robe of green silk. Mr. Kenyon Cox's "A Rolling Country" is similarly treated; but though it has the advantage of having its masses of green checkered by the yellows of some ripening cornfields, the artist has ill-advisedly chosen the hour of high noon, when shadows are nowhere, and all good artists should be asleep or enjoying a smoke. A few hours later and the clumps of trees in the hollows would be massed in shade, and their shadows, even in Mr. Cox's inexpressive brush work, would reveal and make interesting the forms of the hills. In the same artist's "After Harvest" the good effect of broad masses of shadow is very evident, though the picture must also be praised for its rich and powerful color. C. Harry Eaton's ivy-clad old church "At Criquebeuf, near Trouville," is charming in its collocation of quiet greens and grays. Benjamin Foster shows observation in his painting of "The Rising Fog" tangled in wreaths among the bare branches of an April wood. Mr. William H. Low's "In an Old Garden" is mainly a pleasant bit of landscape, to which the small figures give a certain piquancy. Robert C. Minor's "The Cove at Niantic" is a good outdoor study of low rocks, meadows, and a narrow strip of water.

Mr. Theodore Robinson is one of those who have really gained a good deal by study of impressionistic methods. Of his seven contributions, there is none which does not show a solid advance beyond his work of previous years, and none that does not belong distinctly to the new school. The narrowing of his aim in this case, as in so many others, has been the saving of the artist. His "Autumn Sunlight," "Val d'Arcouville" and "Saint Martin's Summer" are excellent little works of their kind. The last is a view from a height over village roofs and orchards through a screen of apple-trees laden with fruit and scant of foliage. Another who has entered on the same way, but without, we believe, being especially called to it, is Mr. D. W. Tryon, whose "First Leaves" and "Evening" are merely slight attempts in what is to him a new manner. Mr. Theodore Wendel's "A November Day" is better, but he pushes the fad of "seeing blue" to an extreme. His blue-gray house may look natural enough, but the gray-blue foliage, and the startling way in which the few touches of warm color tell on it, he must have found somewhere else than in nature.

In genre and historical painting the exhibition was by no means weak. Mr. Chase's "Afternoon Tea," with several figures disposed about a table in a city garden, was interesting technically; Francis Day's "Late for Breakfast," a mother and baby in a dimly lit interior, for its sentiment as well as for its very clever workmanship. Mr. Kenyon Cox had several well-painted nude figures, curiously infelicitous in choice of pose or effect. It would require much stronger work than even Mr. Cox's to so interest the spectator that he would not feel disagreeably impressed by the awkward attitude of his "Nymph" scrambling up a bank on all fours, and by the yellow reflections on the abdomen of his young woman in "A Yellow Rose." Charles C. Curran's "Preparing for a Lawn Fête" was a highly successful effort at rendering a difficult effect of lingering twilight contrasted with the varicolored fires of Chinese lanterns suspended from trees or tent poles and adding to the motley appearance of a number of figures, some in European and some in Japanese costume. E. Aubrey Hunt's "On the Seine, Washing," was a modest but very clever little work, well composed and refreshingly cool and clean in tone. The actions of the two figures were well comprehended. John La Farge's water-color "Fishing with Cormorants" was particularly strong in its effect of light and shade, the blazing torch lighting

up the fishermen, their trained birds and the water immediately about, the whole coming out strongly from a dark range of mountains in the background. As regards size, difficulty of subject and dramatic effect, Willard L. Metcalf's "Market at Tunis" was one of the most important pictures in the exhibition. The scene is an open space surrounded by low white walls, but lying in the shade of some taller building, unseen. It is crowded with squatting figures in many-colored costumes, with their donkeys and pigeons, fruits, vegetables, potteries and other wares. The great amount of labor involved in its painting has been successfully gone through. The tones are luminous, the drawing good, and the handling expressive of every variety of texture. H. R. Poore's "Noon," laborers and their horses and oxen released from work in the fields, shows great promise. R. V. Sewell's "Sleep" is a Bouguereau-like allegorical female partially draped in a violet-colored scarf, relieved from the commonplace by the bird's-eye view of New York and Brooklyn, which the artist has introduced beneath her floating figure. Henry O. Walker's "Idyl," a girl and boy feeding doves, pleased by its simple contrast of conventional gray-green foliage with the flesh tones and a bit of yellow drapery. Horatio Walker's "Morning" and "Evening" were both full of lovely color. The pigs in the former picture, complacently lying under the litter which they have heaped upon their backs, are worthy of Morland; and the cattle and figures in the latter are almost as good.

We must not close this article without noticing the splendid painting of still life by Emil Carlsen, the "Scotch Roses" of Emma B. Beach, and the "Study of Hydrangeas" by Chester Loomis. Want of space only prevents our mentioning many other almost equally good paintings; for one of the strong points of the exhibition was that it contained no work unworthy of examination.

THE PARIS CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

THE PAINTINGS (FIRST NOTICE).

THE Fine Art display at the Paris Universal Exposition is divided into three sections, the French Centennial, the French Decennial and the Foreign Exhibitions. To make a satisfactory exhibition of the art of the century was a materially impossible task; the pictures wanted are immobilized in the national museums or in the collections of private persons. Furthermore, at the Champ de Mars space was limited, and the living artists protested against the invasion of the dead, who were not there to defend themselves. The consequence is that the Centennial display, while being extremely interesting, is a most incomplete and unsatisfactory realization of a splendid dream. Nevertheless, it will serve to remind us of certain artists whom we tend to forget in the heat of modern controversy, notably David, whose "Sacre," brought from the Palace of Versailles, will by common consent be retained for the Louvre, where it will take its place definitively among the greatest works of the century. Gericault and Gros are insufficiently represented, likewise Ingres and Delacroix; in order to appreciate all four we must go to the Louvre. The great generation of 1830 is finely represented by choice specimens of Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny, Decamps and Millet. The latter, with his pastels and drawings alone, covers a splendid panel that resumes his whole talent. Diaz, Fromentin and Troyon come next, the latter with magnificent works. Then we come to Meissonier, certainly great among the greatest, with "1814," "Solferino," "The Engraver" and the man at the window. Thomas Couture maintains a glorious position with his "Romans of the Decadence." Courbet remains a great painter, but not a great artist. Horace Vernet sinks to the rank of a clever improviser. Charlet, with his very dramatic "Retreat of Moscow," impresses one with the force and fertility of his invention. Among the sculptors the heroes of the century are Houdon, Rude, Barye and Carpeaux.

As we approach our own times the Centennial Exhibition comes to grief. The organizer of the show, notably the chief commissioner, M. Antonin Proust, has allowed his personal tastes to interfere, and Manet, Monet and Roll occupy places of honor, which they fill with grotesque insufficiency. Manet was entitled to a place in the history of modern French art, certainly; but Roll and Monet are mere beginners, who have not yet found their way. To put these men on a pedestal, and to hide Bastien-Lepage, Regnault, Cabanel and De Neuville behind a screen, while Puvis de Chavannes is only

represented by a small picture of the decapitation of St. Jean, and some other minor works, is absurd.

The Centennial Exhibition 1789-1878 contains 600 oil-paintings, 300 drawings, 150 pieces of sculpture and 400 engravings.

The Decennial Exhibition 1878-89 contains 1418 oil-paintings, 215 pastels and drawings and 560 pieces of sculpture, the cream of the production of the French artists during the past ten years, each exhibitor being limited to ten works. The exhibit is very imposing; no other country can boast an artistic activity even approaching that of France; and yet the number of marked personalities gifted with supreme artistic qualities of invention, taste and individuality of the strongest kind are few and far between.

At the head of the modern French school we must still acclaim Meissonier, who exhibits "The Guide, Army of the Rhine and Moselle, 1797," "Jéna," "Le Voyageur," "St. Mark's, Venice: The Madonna del Baccio," "Portrait of Meissonier," "Postillon," "Inn at Poissy," "Pasquale," "Venice" (1888), "Portrait of Mlle. Jenny Meissonier" (1889). With the exception of the two latter pictures, all the above have been previously exhibited, and most of them either described or reproduced in these pages. The picture of "Venice," a gondola station on the Guidecca Canal, with the Salute dome in the background, is a magnificent work. The portrait of Jenny Meissonier, painted this year, is another proof of the singular vigor and perennial skill of the famous artist. It is all very well to cry up Manet and Roll and Dagnan-Bouveret and the realists who paint uninteresting subjects in an interesting way, but after all these aesthetic escapades we must come back to Meissonier, who is a great painter and a great artist.

After Meissonier we have to step down from the domain of things that are complete and definitive and return to the common earth, where Bonnat, Bouguereau, Carolus Duran, Cabanel and Jules Lefebvre are shining and acknowledged lights, while Gervex, Detaille and Benjamin Constant are candidates for the highest honors in competition with Roll, Aimé Morot and Maignan. About the work of these men there is nothing new to be said. We are glad to see, for the first time, two fine pictures by Detaille, painted for the Emperor of Russia, especially the "Cosaques de l'Ataman" of the Imperial Guard, advancing with their singers at the head. This is a capital work, full of character and freshness of inspiration. Aimé Morot exhibits his notable pictures of the past six years, and an immense new work, "Charge of Cavalry at Reichsoffen;" he holds his own as a painter of prodigious physical gifts. Roll, about whom we have heard so much of late, and who has been pushed outrageously by friends in power, to such a degree that you can hardly go anywhere in the French section without being confronted with his work, does not resist the trial so brilliantly as to allow us to say that he is more than a very gifted experimenter, who may one of these days discover some grand secret for renewing the painting of open-air effects on flesh, but who has not yet discovered that secret, whatever his friends may say. Roll is just as much an experimenter as Albert Bernard, only he is less varied in his ambition and less well equipped from the point of view of artistic invention. Henner makes a very poor show, though we must always admit that he paints *le morceau* in superior fashion. The men whom this Decennial Exhibition brings into definitive evidence are artists like I. C. Cazin, P. A. J. Dagnan, Emile Friant, I. F. Raffaelli, Eugène Carrière, Léon Lhermitte. Then in the second rank come André Brouillet, François Flameng, Duez, Raphael Collin, Jean Béraud; the marine painters Olive and Montenard; the landscapists Binet, Guillemet, Harpignies, Nozal. With very few exceptions, the pictures in the Decennial section have been exhibited at the Salon, and are therefore familiar to our eyes, so that description or detailed notice of them is uncalled for. It will suffice to record our general impression after wandering through the interminable galleries, up-stairs and down-stairs, where the eye-line alone measures 2820 metres, or in other words more than a mile and a half. The quantity is prodigious; the quality very high, so far as technical skill is concerned; the interest rather wanting in variety, owing to the generally realistic and prosaic tendencies of the painters; the number of works of supreme excellence, in whose company one would care to live, are, after all, very few. In short, in this formidable show there is a great deal of painting and but little art.

THEODORE CHILD.

(To be continued.)